

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

He stuttered like a motorboat when he tried conversation. He always seemed to be the goat of all the congregation. He was as dull as Balaam's ass. He had no sort of knowledge; he never saw a freshman class in high school or college.

His topknot was a fiery red. Almost a conflagration. In fact, it nearly scorched his head. He was a wild creature. His face would stop an eight-day clock.

He was an ugly creature. To look at him gave one a shock. He had no handsome feature.

But still he was a hero and the girls did gather round him. They thought that he was simply grand.

And were happy that they'd found him. They gazed at him and sighed and sighed.

But still it wasn't funny. Because you see his pa had died And left a wee of money.

From the Hickeyville Clarion.

Doc Hanks charged Silas Purdy ten shillings for one visit. Silas says judge by the price, he must have had a pretty high fever. The bartender at the Golden Nugget speaks four languages: baseball, prize fight, poker and race track. In fact, everything that goes on in the city, he knows.

Reginald Purdy writes home from college that he is studying several dead languages. He probably expects to become a materializing medium or an undertaker, but we don't know which.

Miss Amy Pringle has got a new rat from down to the city. It came by express last Thursday. Miss Stubbs is a blonde this season, but some say she looked handsomer as a brunette. Elmer Jones bought a new pair of patent leather shoes the other day, but the patent has expired and he has to wear black socks so folks won't notice the cracks in 'em.

Amariah Tison, our gentlemanly and congenial tennorial artist, has got a job mowing several lawns along Main Street with his hair clippers. The people of this town enjoy a good laugh when they don't catch any colds, but a doctor with a nigger comedian played to capacity three nights on Main Street last week.

How to Write a Popular Song.

First select a sentimental subject, such as love, mortgage on the old farm, midnight in the graveyard or grandfather's false teeth—a subject that will appeal.

Write all of the slush you can think of on the subject and make it rhyme so far as possible. There is no iron rule as to the rhyming. You can make "given" rhyme with "heaven," or you can make "river" rhyme with "fever," and if the singer slurs badly enough nobody will ever know the difference.

After you have finished the heart-breaking poem have some vaudeville pianist set it to ragtime music. Then take it to a publishing house and sign a contract giving you one-tenth of 1 per cent of the net earnings. In that way you may make as much as \$2.25 on it if the song goes well, besides getting your full name on the outside cover.

It is a great game to follow if you own one or three gas plants or street railroads on the side to keep you in food.

Things to Think About.

Ultimate consuming remains about the most expensive of the national pastimes at the present moment. The Chinese women, with the inauguration of the republic have begun to wear shoes, but the men will not regret the republic fully until their wives begin to wear gowns that hook up the back.

There are other things in this country this year besides politics. For instance, there is a corn crop that needs looking after two or three days if the gentleman can find time.

Every man should make his wife a regular allowance every week. She has to make about five hundred allowances for him in that length of time.

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been, and although accompanied by serious losses to both the allies and the Turks, is recognized by military critics and other students of the operations and situation as being only preliminary to such a shock.

THE ALIEN IN THE SOUTH.

The total foreign-born white population in the United States, according to the returns of the last census, is 13,300,000. Of this number a very small proportion, or 578,000 in round numbers, are residents of the South. The Carolinians, each with about 6,000, have the smallest number of aliens. Texas, with 239,000, has the largest foreign-born population. Virginia has an immigrant population of 26,000, about three-fifths of whom have come to the State during the past ten years.

In general terms, the proportion of recent aliens in Virginia, of two out of every five of the foreign-born whites, holds true of the other Southern States, clearly indicating that the South has a smaller percentage of newcomers than the country as a whole.

These results corroborate other extensive government inquiries within recent years. The recent immigrant as an industrial worker has found lodgment only in the coal mines of Virginia and West Virginia, in the coal and iron ore mines and steel plant of the Birmingham district in Alabama, and in the cotton mills of Louisiana. As farmers of one type or another, Southern and Eastern Europeans have been more widely distributed. In the mountains of Western North Carolina, Italians from the North of Italy are engaged in a self-sufficing diversified agriculture. South Italians in Alabama and Louisiana are working as truck farmers, as tenants on cotton plantations, and as laborers in cultivating sugar cane. In Missouri, Texas, Arkansas and Virginia there are also successful agricultural colonies of Italians, Bohemians, Slovaks and Poles.

The establishment of the recent immigrant in the South as an independent farmer, however, can never be realized because of his inability to speak English and his lack of knowledge of American manners and customs. All agricultural experiments have been and must be on a colony or community basis.

The South has cause for gratification that she has not had to face the large influx of Southern and Eastern Europeans which has been characteristic of recent industrial development in the Northern and Western States. The Southern States have their own peculiar race problem, which has been a trial to the souls and a drain upon the resources of the Southern people. They will act wisely if, in searching for more workmen for mines and mills, or for additional hands to till the soil, they exercise sound judgment in selecting the new labor force and do not let the immediate prospects of gain from manufacturing or agriculture overshadow more vital and fundamental considerations affecting future social, economic and political conditions.

We must develop our natural resources and expand our manufacturing enterprises. To do this we must have labor from beyond the borders of our own States. We shall build most surely and profitably for the future, however, if we recruit with care and discrimination the labor supply which the South needs.

THE LAW AVENGED.

Becker is guilty. The law that he mocked, that he betrayed, that he sold, that he trampled under foot, has turned upon him, and he must die. The law that he exploited, that he used for extortion and all evil, is avenged at last. The "system," what does it avail him now? To the death house he must go, and to the cold, grim embrace of the chair. Justice, long denied, has spoken the plain and terrible word of doom.

THE SIMPLE HAT THE THING.

Mystery veils the feminine hat. A celebrated French milliner who has been visiting in New York lately threw some light on the subject. She knows whereof she speaks, for she is an artist in her line. It is said that she models a woman's hat as a sculptor models the human figure. As a clever French woman should, she makes epigrams. "A hat," she says, "is nothing until it is on the head." Then, of course, it becomes something, or, if well designed and made, it becomes somebody. The most successful hats, she asserts, are always simple. Simplicity is the test of true art in hat architecture. As proof of that she offered her own hat as a model. It is an ivory white faillie turban with plumes at one side.

The Parisian milliner told her interviewers that woman always searches for something new, and then, after many a failure, reverts to the beauty of simplicity. Simplicity's the thing. Without it the hat is nothing. "It is difficult," said the Parisian hat-maker, "to say what makes the cachet of the hat. It is due largely to the instinct of the trimmer, who poses the ornament at the right place and feels the colors that combine harmoniously." The ability to do this is uncommon. Hat trimmers are born, not made. To trim a hat perfectly becoming from every viewpoint to do it simply and to do it so that the simple creation will sell for \$48.50, requires a genius for simplification.

How successfully this milliner meets the demand among the artistic for the last word in simplicity is exemplified in the closing lines of her interview. "Is it true," she was asked, "that you sometimes sell eighty hats to one person in one year?" "Yes," was her reply. "Why not? One buys a hat to wear with a single suit, and it looks well. Another day

it does not look so well with the same suit. Perhaps the first day was sunny and the other was not. Sunshine makes a great difference." More evidence that simplicity and the high cost of living are not unrelated. To wear a simple hat becomingly, woman must match it with suits. In Paris, at least, eighty little changes of hats are deemed proper. And the bills? Oh, very simple, just four or five simple figures at the foot, the very essence of simplicity.

LAIRDS OF THE FAIR GREEN.

It is a "golf game of golf" that the golf team of the Country Club of Virginia plays, or else it had never brought home the cup that is the outward and visible emblem of the Middle Atlantic golf championship. The event was decided Wednesday, and now the silver symbol has been wrested from all comers by our own exponents of the game of St. Andrews. It took energy and determination to triumph, but ten of the fourteen contests were won by the Richmond golfers. Chevy Chase, Baltimore, Bannockburn, Hampton and Columbia droop their colors because the canny players of the Country Club of Virginia came, saw and conquered.

'Tis a famous victory, for it demonstrates that in Richmond there are masters of the fair green who put up a corking amateur game. It all goes to show what may happen when good amateurs get together and determine to put the bonny heather in their own caps. Golf in Richmond is no longer a game played by inexperienced, unskilled and uninterested folk—it is a real game here with men who know how to play it, men who could acquit themselves well on the links at Balmorslo, Myopia, Wheaton, Garden City or Onwentsia.

Golf with us is no longer a way to while the time away, but a real sport with the promise of keen competition ahead and ever-widening note for our own golfers. The game ceases to be a mere local pastime with us, but becomes an interstate sport. Inevitably the result must be to enhance the importance of golf in the city.

Perhaps in time our golf links will draw the peripatetic golf population that is ever seeking greens new and unfamiliar. If, in the cup quests, Richmond golfers add victory unto victory, our green may become the battleground for national struggles. Here's hopin', champions of the Middle Atlantic, here's hopin'. Richmond is on the golf map at last.

The Springfield Republican says:

"Denunciation of quack 'cures' will be part of the program for tuberculosis day, October 27, as planned by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and it is hoped that from thousands of pulpits the country over the people will be warned against the fake remedies which now yield something like \$15,000,000 a year. No doubt the pulpit may exert an influence, but why should it be restricted to cures for one disease? On the other hand, it is hardly feasible to take up diseases one by one, week after week. If such a warning is to be issued it should be made general enough to cover the whole subject of medical 'science' and take up the matter at all is a question on which opinion legitimately differs, and much must depend on the individual. A perfunctory warning counts for little, while a pastor who happens to be well informed and well stirred up on the subject may welcome the occasion and make good use of it. But it needs to be recognized that there are many good causes, and that we cannot all be full of the same thing at the same moment. Care must be taken not to let these days devoted to special causes take the place of hard work the year round."

That is a lesson that we much need to keep in mind: that the war on the white plague is an every-day battle.

There will be a shortage in the war correspondent crop if many more of these modern peace movements break out.

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It must be tough on some folks when the children are so big 'r ride on their own 'n' too little 'r leave at home. Neither is over the expensive for folks that have things changed.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, by John T. McCutcheon.)

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Then we're for Jones.

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Should the fighting around Adrianople culminate in a decisive battle and virtually end the Balkan war, as it now seems generally anticipated, it will not be the first time that stronghold played an important part in the history of Southeast Europe, and in determining the destinies and the scope of the Turkish power. Though Adrianople is a city of slums, mired and shiftless population, of wandering and preying dogs, filth, inertia and general commercial decay, it looms large in the past as the scene of big events and the turning point in the current thereof.

It was at Adrianople that the Sultans dwelt from 1561 to 1620, and it was there that in 1829 Russia forced Turkey, under the treaty bearing its name, to acknowledge the independence of Greece, recognize Muscovite supremacy in the Caucasus and northeast of the Black Sea, and accept Russian protectorate of Moldavia and Wallachia. It was after fighting their way through Shipka Pass, and taking and coming to a halt at Adrianople that the Russians, in 1877, compelled Turkey to sign the treaty of San Stefano, most of the fruits of which were wrested from the conquerors by the treaty of Berlin.

Situated at the confluence of three rivers, it derives from that and its railway communications exceptional value as a strategic point for Turkey in defending her whole north and northeast frontier, but more vital still, the city is the key to Constantinople, which is only 140 miles distant. In the light of these considerations it is easy to understand why a decisive battle in the Adrianople zone is anticipated, why both sides seem to be maneuvering to that end, and that again the old Turkish capital may be destined to mark an era in the fate of Turkey, whether for weal or woe.

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